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My Grandmother's Gloves

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“MY GRANDMOTHER’S GLOVES”

by Mary Jo O’Connor

Everything I love is ragged.
I work myself into creases
marking things as part of me.
These threadbare gloves,
Beautifully marred
by my grandmother’s hands.
I slip on her softness.
The sleeves, with quiet defiance, slide down
There is empty space
between my fingers
We are both mourning
My grandmother’s small, crafty hands